

# LIVESEY'S MORAL REFORMER

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ONE PENNY.

## A RICH MAN AND HIS TROUBLES.

An old gentleman, riding inside of a coach with a friend, in the course of their conversation, stated the following facts, from which it appears that the richest are not always the happiest people:—He was bred and born in a country town, but served his apprenticeship in Liverpool, where, in connexion with another gentleman he began business in which he was very successful. He realized a fortune, and has now returned to the country. So far as personal comforts are concerned, he has every thing this world can afford. He has had several children, but they are all dead excepting one son. This young man, so far from walking in the steps of his father, is a spendthrift, and a constant source of grief to his aged parents. "I gave him" said the old man, "the most liberal education, but could never induce him to stick to any kind of business. I then told him if he would be steady and good, I would make him into a gentleman; that he should have a horse and gig, and I would allow him £500 a year. But instead of changing his habits, he has become more and more dissipated. I don't think he dines at our table once a month." The old gentleman added, with tears trickling down his cheeks, "What I must do with him I know not. I have altered my will three times, and shall be obliged, I think, to do so again. As it now stands, I have left all to my wife, giving my son only the interest." This alone, from his statement, would yield about £1500 a year.

This melancholy picture, which is a specimen of trouble in high life, seems to remind us—

1. *That riches and happiness are not necessarily identified.* Many envy the condition of the wealthy, when they see them well dressed, riding in their carriages, and faring sumptuously; but the secret of happiness—contentment, is seldom found there. Most rich men are anxious to accumulate more; some are agonized with fears of losing what they have amassed; not a few destroy their health by their luxurious living; many become embarrassed by their extravagance; and when they escape most of these causes of anxiety, as in this case, the profligacy of a single member of the family, especially an only son, is of itself sufficient to destroy every pleasure which riches can afford.

2. *That what is usually called a liberal education often leads to habits the most destructive of good conduct.* This of course does not arise from the education itself, but from the baneful influence of bad association, generally formed where this education is received. From what I have been informed, and from what I have seen myself, I think, if the colleges at such places as Oxford cannot be made to produce morality as well as learning, they were much better closed. The drunkenness and licentiousness of the young men at Oxford is proverbial. Seldom have the most ignorant country clowns behaved so tumultuously as these collegians have done, at some of the temperance meetings in that city. It is said that the taverns are supported by them, and that it is dangerous for a young woman of respectable character to pass along the streets in the evening. I well remember one of these scenes of nobility travelling upon the coach, when in conversation he began to swear almost in every sentence. I took upon me to

reprove the young Reverend, to his confusion, in which I had the sympathy of all the passengers. O how careful rich people ought to be, as to where they send their sons to obtain a liberal education! What is Latin, or Greek, or science, compared to sobriety, chastity, and general good conduct?

3. *That the possession of wealth, and a liberal disposition to part with it for laudable purposes seldom go together.* How few there are who seem to understand the object for which wealth is bestowed, and still fewer, it would appear, remember that they are only stewards of these manifold mercies of God. What a great amount of good might those rich people do, who have their whole time at command, with incomes of from £500 to £1500 a year; and what shall we say of those who are in possession of wealth to the annual amount of from fifteen hundred to fifty thousand! Such may give a few pounds to relieve a bad case, but the sums bestowed generally bear no proportion to their property; and what is worse, these persons seldom mix with the poor, by visiting their houses, and performing that best of all charity—giving in private. The individual in question has near relations in straitened circumstances, whom he acknowledged he had not seen for fifteen years; and if these have not been the objects of his attention, is it likely that he would become anxious to enquire after and assist others? O that rich men were but fully impressed with the "deceitfulness of riches," and convinced that covetousness is idolatry, they would then tremble at the declarations against this crying sin. What a sad reverse is pictured to us in the case of the rich man and Lazarus—"Thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things, but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented!"

4. *We are also reminded of the folly of death-bed liberality.* Instead of giving during their life time, by which they would enjoy the pleasure of seeing the good done, and be satisfied that the money was properly applied, the affluent frequently scrape and save all they can; and then, just before closing their eyes in death, they are compelled to give up the whole. If any part be left for charitable purposes, we know that it is frequently misappropriated, of which the inquiries into the management of public charities are a decisive proof. Life is the time for usefulness; posthumous fame may flatter the departing soul, but I doubt whether such liberality is ever entered in the records of heaven. What is "given" to the poor, is said to be "lent to the Lord;" but the scriptures are silent about what is "left" by those who can enjoy it no longer.

5. *That to secure exertion, there must be a sufficient inducement.* The most successful in business, are those who have begun with slender means; and who, while raising themselves above the ordinary level, have acquired a habit of application. Seldom is it, that a young man who has received a liberal education at a college, with a fortune ready to his hand, will enter upon the toils of business, or grapple with the anxieties of trade. Every rich man, therefore, would not only be rendering great services to society, but would consult the welfare of his children, by limiting their resources, and by thus teaching them the necessity of exertion, would make them feel the value of labour. A thousand times

better is it for such to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, than to make their property the means of forming idle and dissolute habits in their children.

6. How true it is "*that man heapeth up riches, but knoweth not who shall gather them!*" How common it is for a man of low birth and meagre education, to labour and toil all his life in amassing a fortune, without ever tasting the pleasure of doing good; and for a profligate heir to squander the whole in much less time than it was acquired! The above is perhaps a case in point. Did the money-saving man perceive that every additional pound he places in the bank, or lays out in buildings or land, may be an extra provision for increasing the amount of drunkenness and debauchery, it is presumed he would be more careful as to the *moral*, whatever became of the "liberal" education of his children. How many bosoms would be ready to burst with grief, were the departed capable of witnessing the misappropriation of the money which, with anxiety and toil, they collected together! The first step every gentleman should take, who wishes to have steady children, is to teach them by precept and example, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and to *discountenance* all the *causes* of intemperance; by this, their habits and associations will become such, as to afford the best hope of sobriety and steady conduct. They should next be taught to fear the Lord, and to walk in his commandments all the days of their lives.

#### SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

DAILY observation produces additional conviction in my mind, that the peace and happiness of a country are not necessarily connected with what may be considered the best *form* of government. There have been revolutions in all ages, and almost in every state. Whether the constitution of a kingdom be in advance or in the rear of the enlightenment of the community, the surest guarantee for freedom, justice, and equal rights, is the *moral excellency of its inhabitants*; and if a hundredth part of the agitation, for the reform of constitutions, had been employed by the continental nations to reform the people, the object aimed at would have been long since accomplished. The political system of America has often been referred to as a model of perfection, but, like the morality of Scotland, it appears less admirable the closer it is investigated. Even in the states of this land of freedom, we learn that there are now millions of slaves, for whose emancipation the constitution has made no provision. A powerful agitation has, for some time, been going on, to open the eyes of the Americans to the crime of slavery, and to effect its abolition. The efforts of the friends of humanity have met with violent opposition, and the application of "Lynch law." Mr. Lovejoy, in attempting to establish a press at Alton, to promote the principles of emancipation, has been murdered by an infuriated mob, in that boasted land of liberty, literature, and religion! Petitions have been sent to Congress, in favour of emancipation, which, after a prolonged and stormy discussion, the legislature have virtually determined not to receive. The most inflammatory language has been used on both sides, and whilst on the one hand a dreadful tyranny is practiced and defended by the slave holder and his dependants, on the other the mild and merciful spirit of the Gospel has not been sufficiently regarded, in defending the cause of the poor blacks. So extensive and severe is the conflict, that a *dissolution of the Union* is proclaimed as the *alternative*, if this question continues to be forced upon the public. The following extracts from a recent number of *The Emancipator*, shew the spirit that now prevails:—

"The blood-thirsty character of the Alton mob has attained pre-eminence in crime, as appeared by their determination to consume the objects of their hatred in the flames, as they did the negro at St. Louis, rather than fail in their purpose! And even after the press was given up, its defenders were fired upon and wounded! Judge Hawley had sworn to support the Constitution, but he used his influence to rob a citizen of his rights, under the false pretence of those rights dissolving the Union, and 'subverting the prosperity of our young and growing city!' Dissolve

the UNION! That has been done long ago in *reality*. Our citizens of the North would enjoy more personal security in China or Algiers, than in the southern states, or even in those of the northern, which are under southern influence. Our citizens have been scourged, hunted like wild beasts, cast into prison, hung, and shot down by southern bullies, or their northern sycophants; for which there is no remedy, and from which there is no protection. Yet they cry, 'We will dissolve the Union.'!!! What is that Union worth, which weds us only to a system of crime the most foul and *fiendish*, and in return robs us of the rights of conscience, freedom of speech and the press, personal liberty, and life itself? and will, if continued on present terms, end in the sale of our children in the shambles of the South, where the *fairest* complexion will obtain the highest bidder! Better, far better, that we should die as martyrs now, if by dying we can save our children from the impending curse of slavery; a curse which the South is determined to hug in perpetuity, or until the red thunderbolts of Jehovah shall arouse them from their criminal delusion."

"Where this mob-law is to stop we know not, but unless a stop is put to it, we may soon expect the horrible scenes of the French revolution to be re-enacted before our eyes, and the indiscriminate massacre of women and children, as well as men, to become an every day occurrence. Time was when American citizens revered the laws of their country, and all seemed bent upon upholding them at all hazards. But what do we now see? Any ten or twenty individuals may at pleasure take the law into their own hands, and nullify without fear of consequences, the expressed will of twelve millions of freemen. Can this state of things be endured for any great length of time? Monarchy itself must ultimately be preferred to such a deplorable state of anarchy."

One member of Congress observed that "so soon as the question is pushed upon the southern states, *every part of it will take up the gauntlet*." Another observed "he had long foreseen the present state of things, and now the time had actually come when it was to be determined whether we are to remain as one united and happy people, or whether *this blessed union was to be dissolved* by the hand of violence."

Where the love of justice, the practice of humanity, the promotion of peace, do not reign, no matter *what be the form of government*, dissensions, if not explosions, are sure to ensue. Christian charity is the only "perfect bond;" without this the best laws will be like the green withs with which the Philistines bound the hands of Sampson. I would continue to press these views, not to promote indifference to any laudable change in the laws of the nation, but to induce my fellow-countrymen to pursue their measures in a *proper spirit*, and above all to pull the beam out of their own eye, before they attempt to extract the mote from the eyes of those in power.

#### A NAME FOR EVERY THING.

THE order of a house, or of any other establishment depends, to a very great extent, upon the observance of the five following rules:—A name for every thing, and every thing known by its name.—A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.—A time for every thing, and every thing done in its time.—A use for every article, and every article to its proper use.—A person for every piece of work, and every piece of work attended to by the proper person.

This, it will be perceived, is an extension of the two or three rules of order, which have long been current; but comprising nothing more than what, upon trial, I have found necessary to secure the best arrangements, and the chance of every thing being done as it ought to be.

In this paper I intend to make a few observations on the first rule only. Names are the tools with which all our intercourse of life is performed; and just in proportion to the want of proper names, or the erroneous application of them, is the inconvenience, or confusion to which persons will be exposed. Who has not noticed the embarrassment of masters and mistresses, owing

either they are of such a nature as to cause them to stand well, to give be well educated, been? Friarage should boy, "shew the taught ply been things" at for bottle, calling "medic which, shop lad saying, lect the is a gen or which away," service. his cloth the nurse

This article; objects, and prop an, or th also be in denoting and most tied to take a b be so "probably don't see parts of a it is that There is binding, back, fro notes, lea subject of There is may not give the have occa same by known by them by John, and our apart boy's bed stern your fire. "P know very it!" "Is "The lon a short on



either to their own inability to give proper names to the objects they referred to, or to the ignorance of others as to the application of such names? Orders are given in the language of circumlocution; numerous explanations are required; and frequently the servant or the child, after all, fixes upon an object totally different to what is intended. I have seen a mistress get into a passion because the "dull" servant, as she would call her, could not understand what she referred to, owing simply to the mistress's inability to give names to the articles of which she spoke. Children should be well trained to this, or they will often render themselves ridiculous. Teaching a knowledge of names should be a part of their education, which should embrace every subject. "Where has thou been?" said Thomas to his son. "I have been to that man's in Friargate that mends pumps and things," was the reply. "I should like to go to Mr. Marshall's school, father," observed a boy, "he teaches them about stars and things." These instances shew the ignorance of proper names. Had the boys been properly taught "the man that mends pumps and things" would have simply been called "the plumber," and "teaching about stars and things" "astronomy." I remember a young man being laughed at for his ignorance or inattention to this. With a prescription, bottle, and money in his hand, he stepped into a druggist's shop, calling out "I want some stuff!" If he had ever heard the word "medicine;" he had been too careless to remember it, the use of which, in place of "stuff," would have spared the mirth of the shop lads, at his expense. It is not uncommon to hear individuals saying, "Mr.—what do you call him," without waiting to recollect the proper name of the person referred to. The term *things* is a general substitute for all kinds of names which are not known, or which the parties are too careless to use. "Take these *things* away," says a gentleman to the servant referring to the breakfast service. "Fetch my *things*," says the father to his boy, referring to his clothes. "The child must have a *thing* about its head," says the nurse, referring to a binder.

This application of names should embrace the *minutiae* of every article; and of course will require not only names for prominent objects, but also for every little thing, and even for every part and property of these. The proper application of the articles *a*, *an*, or *the*, and of suitable adjectives to express our meaning, will also be indispensable. Adjectives are a most useful class of names, denoting the different qualities of things. Much of the confusion, and most of the mistakes which occur in many houses, I have noticed to arise from inattention to precision in this respect. If I take a book up and say "it's very imperfect," my complaint will be so "imperfect" that another person who is present, will probably be led at once to reply "I think it's quite perfect; I don't see any fault whatever." Now, when we consider the various parts of a book which may be referred to, we shall see how desirable it is that the *precise part* should be mentioned by name distinctly. There is for instance, the outside, inside, edges, corners, stitching, binding, lettering, paper, leather, linings, sides, top, bottom, back, frontispiece, title-page, preface, contents, running title, notes, leaves, pages, margin, type, printing, &c., as well as the *subject of the book*, to any of which the imperfection might refer. There is not an article in a house to which the same uncertainty may not apply. It is indeed a great convenience to be able to give the proper name to every part of an object of which we may have occasion to speak, and to teach all our domestics to know the same by its proper designation. And if we have several articles known by one common name, it is as necessary to distinguish them by some peculiar appellation, as it is to call one person John, another William, and another Richard; or as to distinguish our apartments by the terms kitchen, parlour, pantry, sitting-room, boy's bed room, garret, &c. "John, fetch me the ruler," said a stern young fellow to his little brother, as he sat writing at the fire. "Please what sort of a ruler do you want?" "Why you know very well, the one I always use; get off with you and fetch it!" "Is it the long or the short one?" enquired the little boy? "The long one to be sure! how could I rule this large paper with a short one? The boy ran into the counting-house, where he

meets with two, one *flat*, and another *round*; he hesitates some time as to which he should bring, but as he always found a difficulty in using a round ruler himself, he concludes to bring the *flat* one. He laid it on the table, when the young gentleman (if such I may call him,) flew into a passion. "You stupid fellow, what did you bring this for, you must have known this is not the ruler I wanted?" "Well you did not tell me," answered the little boy in tears, "and I thought this was the best." "It is the *round* one you might have been sure, you never saw me use any other." The boy ran again; and after all this loss of time, and excitement of bad feeling, at last the proper ruler was brought and laid upon the table. If the young man had said distinctly "John, bring me the long round ruler out of the office," all this altercation might have been prevented.

Applying this rule will afford a fine lesson for children,—it will promote their quiet and orderly deportment,—teaching them precision of language, and the exercise of their observing faculties.

#### ORGANIC CHANGES NOT REQUISITE.

It is a peculiarly pleasing task to the philanthropist to pursue his efforts in reforming society, when his plans do not require what may be called "organic changes"—when recognising the general utility of the present frame work of society, he can immediately set to work with the materials within his reach, instead of suspending operations till some expected revolution takes place.

It is here, I think, the benevolent Robert Owen has missed his way. He disowns or overlooks the regenerating power of Christianity—a system capable of ameliorating the condition of all men,—intended for every nation, age, and form of government, and requiring as its harbinger no national transformations. Society owes much to the suggestions of this gentleman, and had not his notion of "communities" been directly in conflict with the principles of nature, avoiding the acknowledgment of the free-agency of man, and of a state of future rewards and punishments, instead of being regarded as a pleasing theory, it might have developed itself in such a tangible form as to give hope of its general adoption. He seeks an organic change—he condemns the "old world" as incapable of yielding to man without an external reconstruction, the happiness which is to result from "a new system." Kings and governments, and large unions are to effect this long looked-for change; and all the establishments which at present cover the land, based upon individuality of interest, are treated as so many proofs of human folly! It is pleasing to contrast with these plausible but impracticable theories the unassuming, yet powerful, principles of Christianity. This Divine system, though at present mixed with imposture, has done much to elevate society, and to place man in his true position, in reference to his Maker, without interfering with national peculiarities. Its Divine Author meddled not with the institutions of the state, nor did he seek the favour of national power as a safe ally to the spread of his kingdom. On all occasions he avoided the very semblance of it. Let the principles of this system be diffused in simplicity among all classes; let the Gospel call to faith, repentance, and good works, be introduced to every house; and without waiting for the operations of magnificent schemes for a reorganization of society, we may hope to see a tranquil and glorious reform.

Some are for destroying all distinctions in society, amalgamating rich and poor, and carrying on the whole traffic of the world on the principle of co-operation. This may be fine in theory, and if never attempted to be carried further, might be passed over as a harmless error. But attempts have been made in various shapes to put the theory into practice, involving those engaged in them in loss and suffering. Individuality of interest, gradation and subordination in society, subject to the modifying influence of religion, are so inseparably interwoven with the nature of man, and their obvious utility demonstrated by the experience of all social bodies, that I think we run no risk of mistake in affirming

that they constitute a part of the wise arrangements of our Maker. If either high or low, rich or poor, adopt a course of conduct inimical to the good of others, the Scriptures supply admonition and reproof, backed by sanctions the most impressive; and those who refuse to hear these, are not likely to be persuaded to make sacrifices in deference to mere human authority, and for prospects measured merely by the thread of life.

The *factory system*, no doubt, is productive of much moral and physical evil; but supposing, as some have advised, that these establishments were all closed, and the people driven to the land again for sustenance, who can endure to think of such an organic change? A single strike is sufficient to indicate what this would be. How much better to regard these establishments as well-timed inventions, to meet the exigency of a rapidly increasing population; and to prevent the unpleasant necessity of numbers being compelled to leave the land of their fathers! I am fully conscious of the evil which these places produce; but instead of destroying a place because of its defects, I would rather try to remedy them. That factories are capable of improvement, and that they have been improving for some time back, I have not the least doubt. Christianity is here also the best remedy. Let the masters, the work people, and especially the parents of the children, be constantly reminded of the humanizing dictates of pure and undefiled religion; and whether it be a "short time bill" or any other reasonable provision, no doubt, in time there would be a combination of opinion and good feeling sufficient to carry it. Is it painful to see young children sent to factories? Let the parents of all such learn *sobriety*, and not a few would be withheld, and sent to school instead. The favourable changes which have been produced in various instances, by the introduction of a man of good principles and good character as an overlooker, prove that moral influence is the most powerful.

*Political commotions*, and a *national convulsion*, have been the retreat of thousands—as events pregnant with national blessings! and no moral scheme, to such individuals, possessed half the charms as the prospect of these organic changes. What a delusion! The sacrifice of time, money, mental power, and domestic comfort, have been so immense during the last thirty years, by giving undue importance to political agitation, that it is highly necessary that the people should be cautioned no longer to weary themselves in the promotion of bubbles, to the neglect of "the one thing needful." How few politicians have retired from the field without dissatisfaction and disgust!—and it is, perhaps, a mercy, that the counteracting intelligence and virtue of the country have prevented the consummation of their wishes. It is easy to talk about revolution,—and a disordered imagination may fancy, that riches, and honours, and happiness, would be emitted from its flames; but those whose cool reason allows them to benefit by history and observation will come to a more correct conclusion. If the same exertions had been made in revolutionizing *self*, and *home*, which have been made in attempting to reform or re-model government, the effects, both to individuals, families, and the nation, would have been of a most gratifying character. Let these be attempted, and I have no doubt of their influence ascending upwards; nor of the success of every useful reform in high quarters. Let the people cease to devour one another, and then they may with a better grace unite in repelling what they may consider a common foe. However bad some of the measures of the ruling powers have been, I will undertake to affirm that the poorer class of operatives have suffered far more from the *prevalency of intoxication*, and the *oppression of the labour monopolists*—a practice and a measure fostered by themselves—than they ever did from government oppression. Let these evils be removed—let the working man regard intoxicating liquor as his deadliest foe; let him cease to coerce his brother in toll, because he claims a right to the same market as himself; and let all classes learn to love one another—and then the vain vision of happiness, arising from mere political reform and organic changes

will be stripped from our eyes; and we shall all be led to seek the blessings of reform *where we are sure to find it*.

Who does not lament the folly of the man having a diseased limb, who will listen to no remedy but amputation! or the man who complains of drafts in his dwelling, and a bad roof, but insists upon the whole house being levelled to the ground? A traveller on his journey comes to a river, and because the regular road requires him to go a mile round, he is determined to ford the stream, and falls a victim to his own temerity! We are intrusted with the *safest*, the *best remedy* for the ills of society, but it is to be applied by patience, perseverance, and self-denial; it never claims the right, like the false prophet, of commanding nations, marshalling armies, and subduing the people by force. Whilst thousands fall in contests carried on by "carnal weapons," those which are only "mighty through God," are noiseless in the conflict, but at the same time certain of a triumphant victory. The progress of virtue, I repeat it, does not depend on "organic changes," and, therefore, I would advise all to come out from amongst those who would uproot the foundations of society, destroy the natural and necessary distinctions among men, and, under the pretext of patriotism, proclaim a convulsion as the birth day of liberty.

I cannot sympathize with such views, convinced that any change in the frame-work of society which may be proved to be necessary, will be best brought about by the influence of moral means. The man who clamours for organic changes will work to bring them about, but refuses to assist in any other plan for benefitting society. "No," says he, "if the river is shortly to be *diverted* from its present course, and forced across the land, it is folly to lose my time in making good the breaches caused by its late incursions."

#### PUBLIC CEMETERIES.

THE solicitation of a poor man for some little, with which to inter his daughter, brought afresh to my mind what I have often urged; the establishment of public cemeteries. In each of these a portion of ground should be reserved for the poor, so that they might be consigned to their mother earth without charge, either for ground or "dues." Those who have visited these places in Liverpool and Manchester, cannot but admire how well they are adapted to ensure the end of a decent, secure, retired, and respectful interment for the dead, and every town ought to follow the example, according to the extent of its wants. In places where there has been a great increase in the population, the scenes exhibited in the church yards, for want of room, are often revolting to our feelings. Besides this, there are strong reasons in our regard for health, why the dead should not be interred in the heart of a dense population; while superstition alone can assign a cause why the interment of the dead should be confined to the ground surrounding a place of worship. At the general revival of the dead, the distinction of sects, and the sanctity of places will be unknown, and whymay we not allow the ashes of all parties to amalgamate in some secluded place, during their previous repose? Who has not been warned of his follies, and reminded of his latter end—who has not felt the softening, soothing, and spiritualizing influence, of a visit to a *country church yard*? But these good effects of our "meditations among the tombs," are not to be enjoyed in a *large town*. The church yard is often closed with bolt and bar; and if not, the reflections of the mind are interrupted by a thousand discordant sounds.

Of the success of these undertakings, I cannot entertain a doubt: strong opposition may be expected from those who are interested in the present arrangement of burials, similar to what has been exhibited against the new system of registration; but their obvious utility, will command the support of all whose principles and circumstances leave them at liberty to think and act for themselves. In Manchester, though the land was purchased at ninepence per yard, and the enclosure and the arrangements completed when labour was high, I have been told that, besides af-



for a handsome remuneration to the registrar, the concern has yielded a profit of twelve per cent. Undertakings of this sort are not so hazardous as most other speculations; for, the unoccupied ground being made to pay for itself, the expense of the enclosure seems to be the extent of the risk. A botanical garden, upon a small scale, might also be included in the plan. Inside the wall might be planted a great variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and which, whilst they would facilitate the studies of the botanist, would have a most interesting appearance to the every-day observer. These objects combined would render the place pleasing, healthy, retired, and solemn. Thus, by the expense of one enclosure, this desirable addition to the conveniences and ornaments of a town, would be easily accomplished. Undertaken in shares, with the benefit of others' experience, I have no doubt, every reasonable expectation of profit would be realized, and another step gained towards the good order and rational arrangements of society.

#### "PINKS" AND "PLUMS;" OR, THE FATAL FALLACY.

"WHAT'S in a name;" asks the poet? and humanity's history answers, "demoralization, destruction, and death." Words are but wind, and yet they can swell to a tempest, and sweep reason, right, and rejoicing from the earth. Names are in themselves nothing; but in their effects they are more dreadful than the forked flash, much more terrific than treble thunder, and more potent foes of man than fires, plagues, or pestilence. The relation which follows, will illustrate and verify these remarks:—A number of boys were drinking in full draughts of that exhilarating agent, called exercise in the open air, pursuing the objects of their several innocent desires,—none fearing that the stores of pleasures around them would be exhausted,—none envying the happiness of others,—none wishing to mar the general joy, till an adult spectator threw among them an apple of discord, and poisoned their playful minds. One of the lads unavoidably came in smart contact with another, and both were brought together to the ground. A laugh would probably have ended the matter, but the being who wore the external appearance of a man, but evinced in his deeds the spirit of a demon, bawled out to the boy who was overturned, "Pepper him, Peter, he is a peevish pink, and pushed thee down on purpose." Instantly several boys rushed to the spot, assailed the unoffending child, and as he lay sprawling, crying, and protesting that he could not help running against his companion, they set up a general shout, "down with the pinks." This brought together in the next moment the entire group, a section of which, without hesitation or inquiry, replied to the sound with "down with the plums;" and no sooner were these sentences uttered, than these very boys, who one minute before had been playing with and pleasing one another, with the heartiest zeal, and greatest good humour, were divided into two hostile bands of fierce combatants, roaring, "down with the pinks," "down with the plums," and striving which should do most harm; and in evil emulation, the success of the parties was very far from meagre, as the many bruises, and much blood on each side, too sadly testified. But even this would have been comparatively insignificant, had the matter been permitted to terminate with the juvenile affray; but fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, neighbours and acquaintances, having been drawn to the scene of action, parties of adults were soon formed,—accusations and re-tributions ensued, and several brutal battles were the result.—Heartburnings were engendered—hatred and malice sprang up in rank luxuriance among the sympathies and affections of many a breast, and choked and withered the growing crops of good-will, virtue, and love. Nor was this all—William Bond, having learnt that George Green had set the boys by the ears, and thereby occasioned all this mischief, determined to punish him for the crime.—Bond, therefore, not only provoked Green to a fight, in which, after a severe contest, the former proved victor; but he formed a sort of gang around him, who made it a constant aim to annoy and torment Green and his companions. They were, as a matter of course, in almost constant broils. From one mode of attack they proceeded to another, until each side had procured daggers,

swords, and fire-arms. These, however, for a time did some good:—they kept the enemies in fear of one another, and fear formed so broad a distance between them, that for a long period nothing material occurred, save interchanges of threats, and the daily deepening and heightening of malice. At length Bond and Green met in the same room, at a neighbouring fair, and being both under the influence of intoxicating liquor, a violent quarrel began, by Bond accusing Green of having attempted to delude his sister. This the latter denied, contemptuously remarking, that as Mary Bond was a pink, he would not have her, if every hair of her head was hung with a diamond. This expression so provoked Mary's lover, who was also present, that he flew at Green, and with a blow levelled him with the ground.—As soon as Green regained his feet, knowing none of his companions were present, he made a precipitate retreat.

Determined, however, on attempting to be revenged, he proceeded to a spot on the road that led to their home, and placing himself in ambush, awaited the arrival of one or both of his antagonists. Bond had left the fair before his sister and her intended,—and when he came near to where Green was hid, a pistol, which the latter had taken to the fair with him, was fired, but without effect. Bond, suspecting who it was, rushed into the thicket, and came on Green just as he had loaded again. Bond suddenly seized the weapon, wrested it from the hands of his foe, placed its muzzle against the breast of Green, and sent the ball through his heart. Some strangers who had heard the first fire came within sight of the second, hastened to the spot, found Green dead, and Bond standing with the pistol in his hand. He told them his tale, but as neither there, nor on his trial, had he any witness that he had not himself fired both shots, he was pronounced guilty of murder, and executed accordingly.

"Poor Bond," said Simon Sym, "he was hung for the sake of the pinks."—"And yet," answered Robert Jones, "I am pretty sure that neither he nor Green knew the origin and meaning of the words that produced so much misery, and cost each his life."

"Very likely," rejoined Simon, "for as old as I am, I never knew till after the execution, what was their signification."

"And how did you get to know?" asked Robert, "for I do not know yet, and can find no one who is able to inform me."

"Why, then, you see, I have an uncle who is now nearly ninety, quite helpless, and living in the poor-house. I went to see him soon after the melancholy event, and of course that was the subject of our talk. My uncle then told me, that in his great grandfather's younger days, the inhabitants of the village consisted of only two families, his own and another. Our ancestor was extravagantly fond of pinks; the head of the other family was as great a cultivator of plums. In great good humour and perfect friendship, these were used to address one another by—the words representing the things in which they delighted. The families, of course, became pinks and plums, and the phrases were given and taken for fifty years, without the least misunderstanding. Then, when the families had greatly multiplied, a fierce feud arose between two branches of them, who employed the words, for the first time in an offensive sense; and most of the individuals, belonging to the various branches of the two families, took up the words as terms of reproach and crimination, and so in all quarrels have they been employed down to this fatal deed, arising out of a fallacy into which both parties fell, of supposing words to be offensive and odious, and therefore to be resented, which were perfectly innocent."

"Bless me" exclaimed Robert, "what wretched dolts we have all been, to fight, and at last murder each other, about mere sounds, the meaning of which we were totally ignorant. And now I come to think of it, I am persuaded that half the immorality of mankind must grow out of the same fallacy. We are deluded by words. Sounds deceive and destroy us. But I am now determined that while I live, I will ever advise all around me, especially the young, always to ascertain the true significations of words and phrases, before they allow themselves to be delighted, or driven to desperation by their sounds."

C.

## VARIETIES.

**MORAL STATISTICS OF LONDON.**—Twelve thousand children are always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity; three thousand persons are receivers of stolen property, speculators and dealers in human depravity; four thousand are annually committed for criminal offences; ten thousand addicted to gambling; above twenty thousand to beggary. Thirty thousand are living by theft and fraud. *That this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is plied and fed with three millions' worth of spirituous liquors annually; twenty three thousand are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets; above one hundred and fifty thousand are habitual gin drinkers; and about the same number of both sexes have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy.*—*Rev. John Harris, Author of Mammon.*

**FACTS.**—"Betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock on a certain Saturday evening, one hundred and thirty persons were noticed *drunk in the streets*; and on Sunday morning, betwixt the hours of twelve and one o'clock, one hundred and sixty-six persons were observed *in the same state*; making a total of two hundred and ninety-six. We have reason to believe that one half were not noticed; and from the known state of the public houses, we give it as our decided opinion, that at least one thousand persons were in a state of inebriation on that Saturday night, averaging something less than four for every house where drunkards are made. Beer-houses were open at half-past eleven o'clock—three boys about the age of fifteen or sixteen were seen going into one after eleven o'clock, and in one of these places persons were drinking betwixt twelve and one o'clock.—Many of the public houses locked their doors at eleven o'clock, but kept admitting company, upon ascertaining who they were, and some of them till as late an hour as one o'clock in the morning. Some of these houses are regularly open till after twelve o'clock.—At half-past twelve, six women were drinking in one dram shop; and at three minutes to one o'clock, sixteen persons, including five women, came out of one public house, most of them in a state of intoxication!—Above thirty persons were seen drunk betwixt the market place and the bottom of Friargate, betwixt twelve and one o'clock. One man was laid drunk on the pavement, at the bottom of Pole-street; a woman was laid in the same state in a yard in Friargate; another man lay on the sweepings near the end of Lune-street; and four men came out of a certain public house, after twelve o'clock, so drunk that they fell upon each other on the steps!"—Let every town publish a paper similar to the one from which the above is taken, at least once a quarter, and no doubt the friends of sobriety would be roused to apply a remedy.

**IMPOSITION AND FRAUD.**—It is a fact that an eminent silk manufacturer having agreed for the purchase of several bales of silk, called, according to appointment, at an early hour of the day to see them weighed. He was requested to wait a little, as Mr. ——— was not yet down stairs. To beguile the time, he walked into the garden, and there saw suspended over an open well, the bales of silk which he was about to purchase, where they had no doubt been imbibing the damp of the whole night. The person who was thus guilty of attempting to impose upon his neighbour, and obtain the price of silk for the weight of water, was not a poor man, but one who rode in his carriage, and possessed ample wealth; and it may be added, that he is one who ought not to be ignorant of the Gospel rule—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—*Copley.*

**CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.**—To show the different views of different parties, and particularly to notice how an attachment to certain political notions warp the judgment, I quote the remarks of an editor, who was denouncing Buckingham's bill for regulating public houses. He says, "we tell the proposer of this bill that the most extended suffrage is the true cure for drunkenness amongst the working classes." When we cease to believe our own eyes, we shall believe this assertion.

**TWO CHARACTERS.**—"I have here at Kettering," says the late Andrew Fuller, "two religious characters who were intimately acquainted in early life. Providence favoured one with a tide of prosperity; the other fearing for his friend, lest his heart should be overcharged with the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches, one day asked him, whether he did not find prosperity a snare to him! He paused, and answered, 'I am not conscious that I do, for I enjoy God in all things.' Some years after, his affairs took another turn. He lost, if not the whole, by far the greater part of what he had once gained, and was greatly reduced. His old friend being one day in his company, renewed the question, whether he did not find what had befallen him to be too much for him. Again he paused and answered, 'I am not conscious that I do, for now I enjoy all things in God.' This was truly a life of faith."

**SCIENCE LEADS TO GOD.**—All science should lead to the study of God, and every object is made the interpreter of its maker. If with astronomy we ascend into the heavens, He is there in the glory of boundless dominion and in the harmony of ten thousand systems—He is there in power, life, wisdom, in the splendour and the purity which fire the eyes and lift up the hearts of eternal generations: if with geology we descend into the deep, He is there, the moulder of successive worlds, the fountain of progressive life, until humanity stood on a fairer earth, with the throb of immortality in its breast: on every spot of the world, in the uttermost parts of the sea, there is something to tell He is there—the deep, the desert, hills of eternal snow, and plains of unfading spring,—the form of every plant and the structure of every animal proclaim He is here.—*Christian Teacher.*

**MAN'S ADORATION.**—The prophets and apostles are never so venerable to our view as when they bend in homage to God; and we regard as most truly noble those stupendous minds of our species—who were ready to attribute the honour of their wonderful powers to him who inspired them. How gloriously on our imagination rises the humble piety of that sage who opened a new path-way to the stars, and scaled, even to the topmost height, the battlements of heaven—and how bright before us is the image of that bard, who boldly tuned an angel's harp to sing an unattempted song, and swept his hand along the strings, not only with the rapture of a seraph's genius, but with the rapture of a seraph's love. And this dependent and confiding sentiment suitable to all creatures, is surely more especially meet for such as we. Born in imbecility and weeping—through many years entirely resting on others;—partially so through life; eternally so on God—subject at every stage to a thousand ills of mind and body—bounded in every faculty and sense; where pleasure proclaims pain, and knowledge reveals ignorance; where sickness hangs on our frame, and death prematurely cuts us off or drags us by grey hairs to the tomb;—surely none but a sentiment of dependent worship becomes us. Living or dying, we are God's and not our own;—every pulse is his—the air we breathe, and the earth we tread, and the heaven we hope for; and though our souls were to sever in the gaspings of death, his were still the atoms into which we mouldered—his to leave it in the sleep of annihilation, or his to fearfully and wonderfully renovate it. If a proud heart whispers independence, the stamp of our foot upon the grave, the hollow sound from below confounds the suggestion, and though pride may have written the epitaph, humility has its witness beneath.—*Ibid.*

**THE DRUNKEN SOW AND HER POOR PIGS.**—A woman who drank deep at the wine cup, as well as the brandy bottle, was the mother of a lovely little girl about ten years of age, who often wept in secret at her mother's degradation. One day observing the grocer, where her mother used to get her supplies, empty a quantity of cherries into the street that had been in a barrel of rum, and a sow with a brood of pigs, eagerly devouring them, till she could neither stand nor walk, and her pigs running and squealing in alarm, the little girl cried, "Mother, mother, come to the window;"—"Why, what's there my dear?"—"O mother, see, see the sow, how my heart bleeds for those poor pigs."—"And why do you feel so much for the pigs?"—"Because to think how ashamed they must be to have a drunken mother." The rebuke was effectual; the mother thus far has ceased to drink.—*American Paper.*

**THE LONDON PARKS.**—Who can estimate the blessings to London? Who can calculate the bodily refreshment, the animal enjoyment, the moral good, of which they have been, and will be, productive? Suppose a case: You are elbowing your way up the Strand, on a summer's afternoon, through the dense crowd which daily throng that wondrous thoroughfare; the counter-currents of traffic are crossing each other and mingling in all directions, and you are unceasingly whirled about in their strong and uncomfortable eddies: the rolling of carriages, the rumbling of waggons, the rattling of cabs and omnibuses, the cries of business, and the oaths of blackguardism are in your ears—your eyes are blinded with glare and dust; you feel hot, faint, feverish, weary, and a tavern suggests itself as a resting place; but the park comes across your mind; you make a vigorous push to the other side of Charing cross, take the first turn, and in five minutes you lie stretched luxuriously on the cool green sward—close cut and smooth as velvet—by the margin of a beautiful sheet of water, and with a noble oak or elm throwing its leafy branches protectively over you!—*New York Mirror.*

**GRATITUDE.**—A very poor aged man, busied in planting and grafting apple trees, was rudely interrupted by this interrogation:—"Why do you plant trees, who cannot eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning on his spade replied, "Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."



**AN ATHEIST v. CHRISTIANS.**—At one of the Parisian theatres, one actor said to another, "Now you have nothing more to do than to recommend yourself to God." Some one in the audience cried out, "There is no such a being." A violent tumult arose. Cries of "turn out the atheist, turn out the wretch" were heard from all sides: all was in a tumult till the individual was removed from the box. Was this the likeliest mode of bringing him over to the faith? The *sentiment* of the one, and the *conduct* of the other were equally bad.

**TURKISH PROVERBS.**—A small stone often makes a great noise.—A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy.—You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "honey."—If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf, and dumb.—Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not, the Lord will.—Who fears God need not fear man.—If thy foe be as small as a gnat, fancy him as large as an elephant.—They who know most are the oftentimes cheated.—A man who weeps for every one will soon have lost his eyesight.—More is learned from conversation than from books.—A friend is of more worth than a kinsman.—He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse.—Trust not to the whiteness of his turban; he bought the soap on credit.—Death is a camel, that kneels before every man's door.

**ENSLAVING MEN IS REDUCING THEM TO ARTICLES OF PROPERTY.**—Making free agents, chattels—converting persons into things—sinking immortality into merchandise. A slave is one held in this condition. In law, "he owns nothing, and can acquire nothing." His right to himself is abrogated. If he says *my hands, my feet, my body, my mind, myself*, they are figures of speech. To use himself for his own good, is a CRIME. To keep what he *earns*, is stealing. To take his body into his own keeping, is *insurrection*. In a word, the profit of his master is made the end of his being, and he, a mere means to that end—a mere means to an end into which his interests do not enter, of which they constitute no portion. MAN, sunk to a thing! the intrinsic element, the principle of slavery; MEN, bartered, leased, mortgaged, bequeathed, invoiced, shipped in cargoes, stored as goods, taken on executions, and knocked off at public outcry! Their rights, another's conveniences; their interests, wares on sale; their happiness, a household utensil; their personal inalienable ownership, a serviceable article, or a plaything, as best suits the humour of the hour; their deathless nature, conscience, social affections, sympathies, hopes—marketable commodities! We repeat it, the reduction of persons to things; not robbing a man of privileges, but of himself; not loading with burdens, but making him a *beast of burden*; not restraining liberty, but subverting it; not curtailing rights, but abolishing them; not inflicting personal cruelty, but annihilating personality; not exacting involuntary labour, but sinking him into an implement of labour; not abridging human comfort, but abrogating human nature; not depriving an animal of immunities, but despoiling a rational being of attributes—uncreating a MAN, to make room for a thing.

**THE HABITS OF A MAN OF BUSINESS.**—A sacred regard to the principles of justice, forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements—does nothing carelessly, or in a hurry—employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself; keeps every thing in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permitted him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not overtrade for his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit transactions, at all times when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling; and small profits, with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing to the memory which he can and ought to commit to writing; keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, &c., belonging to his business, titled, classed, and put away. Never suffers his desk to be confused with many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business, well knowing that if he leave it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim, that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted; is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers and constituents, both at home and abroad; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodations in money matters and lawsuits, where there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum book with a pencil in his pocket, in which he notes every little particular relative to appointments, addresses, and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.—*Mass. Spy.*

**DEFENDING ON GOVERNMENT.**—The Americans, it seems, have much of the disposition of the people of this country, expecting government to do almost every thing. The following is an observation of one of the editors:—"The people expect too much from others and do too little for themselves. They actually expect the sun to shine, and the rain to fall through, their little house of assembly."

**SYMPATHY IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.**—What a consolation it is to have a second self, from whom we have nothing secret, and into whose heart we may pour our own with perfect effusion! Could we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we had no one to share in our joys with us? And what a relief is it in adversity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend still more affected with them than ourselves!

**HAPPY DAYS.**—A paper was found after the death of Abderram III, one of the Moorish Kings of Spain, who died at Cordova in 961, after a reign of 50 years, with these words written by himself—"Fifty years have passed since I was Caliph. I have enjoyed riches, honors, and pleasures; heaven has showered upon me all the gifts that man could desire. In this long space of apparent felicity I have kept an account of how many happy days I have passed—their number is fourteen. Consider then, mortals, what is grandeur, what is the world, and what is life."

**ACTIVITY.**—"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clark, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this:—Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all: keep them all a going."

**A GOOD TEE-TOTAL RECEPTION.**—When Mr. James Teare arrived at Bodmin, in Cornwall, he was received in a manner worthy of the cause. The town-crier was put in requisition, and the church-bells rang a merry peal. A tea-party of three hundred guests, a respectable procession, and two public meetings, at which he spoke, added two hundred more to our thriving cause.

HENRY MUDGE.

**PANCAKES.**—Mr. Fosbroke is decisive in the opinion, that pancakes, such as is the custom to eat on Shrove Tuesday, were taken from the heathen *Fornacalia*, celebrated on the 18th of February, in memory of making bread, before ovens were invented, by the goddess Fornax.

**YOUNG MEN ALWAYS HAVE AN OBJECT IN VIEW.**—The highest object you can have, is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever. The next highest is, to honour thy father and thy mother. The next is, to love thy neighbour as thyself. Thy next is, to serve thy country honestly and faithfully, in whatever station thou art called to fill. And the next, to choose thee a wife in thy youth. But be careful in thy choice. Do not marry a fool, unless you wish to beget for yourself trouble. Remember, young men, always to have an object in view; and let your aim in life be elevated. This is the safeguard of character, and the main spring of excellence.—*Retreat Gazette.*

**INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.**—Three tee-totalers attended a funeral in Preston—about twenty other persons were present, each of whom had a glass filled with ale or wine, excepting the tee-totalers, who were each served with a bottle of ginger beer. In order to prevent the others drinking, their bottles were never opened, and the consequence was, with the exception of three of the glasses which had been partially emptied before the tee-totalers came in, all the glasses remained full up to the time that the funeral left the house. Had they drunk their ginger beer, doubtless the others would have been emboldened to drink their ale and wine.

**TROUBLES OF LIFE.**—Were there a common bank made of all men's troubles, most men would choose rather to take those they brought than venture on a new dividend, and think it best to sit down with their own.—*Socrates.*

**GREEK RESENTMENT.**—It is a curious circumstance that the Greeks, in any trifling quarrel, instead of attempting to strike each other, immediately stoop and pick up a stone to fling at their opponent; and, from a constant practice from childhood, their aim is so unerring, that I never saw them miss their mark.—*Harve's Residence in Greece and Turkey.*

**SOUP.**—For 116 gallons—80 lbs. shell barley, 20 lbs. rice, 14 lbs. molasses, 12 lbs. oatmeal,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. pimento,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. salt. For 83 gallons—57 lbs. shell barley, 14 lbs. rice, 10 lbs. molasses, 9 lbs. oatmeal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. pimento, 3 lbs. salt. The following is the best mode of preparation:—Put into the pot half the quantity of water, and let it steep all night; boil the mixture, then add the oatmeal and salt and the remainder of the water, and boil the whole for an hour, after which the molasses and pimento are to be added.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

**HYDROPHOBIA.**—A council man at Bath, speaking on a motion for establishing baths, said that he thought he looked as well as any of them, and he had not been in the water for the last sixty years!

**DISHONESTY OF SERVANTS.**—A servant girl served in a certain shop—up stairs lodged a sailor and his wife. This woman encouraged the girl to pilfer coffee, tea, and other articles, out of the shop, and gave her as a bribe, tea to her breakfast, she being only allowed porridge by the family. Another female to whom it became known took the first opportunity of speaking to the girl, and representing the dishonesty of her conduct.

**BATHING.**—"There is no such thing," said Mr. Gifford, "as an artificial bath in modern Greece. Indeed there is not so much, except in the great towns, as a wash-hand stand."

**FEAR.**—"If I were to go to the theatre to a temperance meeting, I should not be able to get up the street the next day, without being told of it."—This was the remark of a gentleman of Preston, of an exemplary character; but it shows how persons are held in the bondage of gentility, instead of trying to be as useful as possible.

**SUNDAY, QUARTER PAST FOUR O'CLOCK P.M.**—There is a man drunk bellowing in the street, with three others. What a reflection upon the civilization of a country, that there should be establishments to turn people into the streets in this condition. Two of his companions left him, but he afterwards dragged the other into another public house, where he would get still more intoxicated. What would be said if the tea, sugar, bread, beef, butter, and potatoe shops, turned people into the streets in this condition?

**OF PUNISHMENTS.**—There are dreadful punishments enacted against thieves: but it were much better to make such good provisions, by which every man might be put in a method how to live, and so to be preserved from the fatal necessity of stealing and dying for it.—*Sir T. More's Utopia.*

**THERE IS A CHARM IN WOMAN.**—No man, not utterly degraded, can listen without delight to the accents of a guileless heart. Beauty too has a natural power over the mind; and it is right that this should be. All that overcomes selfishness, the besetting sin of the world, is an instrument of good. Beauty is but melody of a higher kind; and both alike soften the troubled and hard nature of man. Even if we looked on a lovely woman but as on a rose, an exquisite production of the summer hours of life, it would be idle to deny her influence in making even those summer hours sweeter. But, as the companion of the mind—as the very model of a friendship that no chance can shake—as the pleasant sharer of the heart of heart, the being to whom man returns after the tumult of the day, like the worshipper to a secret shrine, to revive his nobler tastes and virtues at a source pure from the evil of the external world, and glowing with a perpetual light of sanctity and love—where shall we find her equal? or what must be our feelings towards the mighty Disposer of earth and all that it inhabit, but of admiration and gratitude to that disposal, which thus combines our highest happiness with our purest virtue?—*Croly.*

**LACONICS.**—Always be doing something; never seem to have nothing to do.—If you praise everything and everybody, right or wrong, you will please more than by telling the truth like an honest man.—If you dislike people, shun their society, but do not express your dislike, or utter complaints against them.—If you cannot keep your own secret, how can you hope or expect that others will do it for you?—Loneliness is attractive to men of reflection, not so much because they like their own thoughts, as because they dislike the thoughts of others. Solitude ceases to charm, the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own.—If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.—Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend.—He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others.—Few men take his advice who talks a good deal.—He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace.—A wise man doth that at first, which a fool must do at last.—If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.—Respect a good man that he may respect you; and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you.—Improve by other men's errors, rather than find fault with them.—Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale, and you will hear it.—Forget not in all your plans and operations that there are two worlds.—No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.—Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyment, not in our own sense of them.

#### THE FIRST BORN CHILD OF A FRIEND.

It is a lovely infant—a mother's first born child,  
She has kissed it o'er and o'er again, and sweetly on it smiled;  
She has pressed it to her loving heart, and told it not to weep,  
She has cradled it upon her lap and lulled her child to sleep.

It is a lovely infant—the summer rose's grace  
Does mantle o'er its dimpled cheek, and streak its pretty face;  
And though a monthling yet in age, and young in sense it be,  
It knows its mother by her laugh, and smiles upon her knee.

It is a lovely infant—a father's hope and joy,  
It is the picture of himself—it is his only boy;  
He caresses it and blesses it, and unto heaven prays,  
That it may bloom in rosy health, and number length of days.

It is a lovely infant—it was born when leaves are red,  
It came a flower into the world when other flowers are dead;  
It sprung not up in princely bowers, or in the halls of state,  
In palaces of crowned kings, or proud domes of the great.

It is a lovely infant—the cottage gave it birth—  
The cottage whose paternal lands, and hospitable hearth  
Will, when the grandsire's and the sire's career of life is run,  
Devolve upon this little heir,—this eldest, first born son.

It is a lovely infant—a prophet or a seer  
Would say the child was destined great and glorious to appear;  
My wishes are not prophecies, or else recording fame,  
Should emblazon on its muster rolls the infant William's name.

It is a lovely infant—I have kissed its pretty lips  
As greedily as the honey bee the purple nectar sips;  
I kissed it for its father's sake,—the lustre of its eye  
Gleamed on me like the star-light of a waning summer's sky.

It is a lovely infant—may the God of Peace and Love  
Smile on it from his holy mount, and guard it from above;  
May its first words lip His awful name, in virtue may it grow,  
Like a leafy balm tree watered by a swelling fountain's flow.

E. C. B. of the Preston Chronicle.

#### MY OLD SHOES.

You're now too old for me to wear, poor shoes,  
And yet I will not sell you to the Jews;  
Yon wand'ring little boy must barefoot go,  
Thro' mud and rain, and nipping frost and snow;  
And as he walks along the road or street,  
The stones are sharp, and cut his tender feet.  
My shoes, tho' old, might save him many a pain;  
And should I sell them, what might be my gain?  
A sixpence—that would buy some foolish toy;  
No; take these shoes, poor shiv'ring barefoot boy.

#### THE SNOW-DROP.

My beautiful snow-drop pure and white,  
I love to see thee bloom;  
But thou must fade e'er the heaven is bright,  
In the glancing streams of its glorious light,  
And sink to an early tomb.

My beautiful snow-drop, young and fair,  
Why droops thy gentle head?  
Is it because thou art passing away,  
In the bloom of thy youth, to the shades of the day,  
To rest with the silent dead?

Oh no thou hast nothing to fear from the grave,  
For sin never darkened thy bloom;  
Thy morning, thy mid-day, thy noon and thy night,  
Are free from its stain as the day star of light,  
Or the angel that sat on the tomb.

My beautiful snow-drop, humble and calm,  
Like thee I had wished to die,  
By an early call from a merciful voice;  
But wisdom has said His time be thy choice,  
Whose sovereign throne is on high.

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